PHIL'S FRIEND.

How Josie Nash Saved the Situation —A Story of the Mountains.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

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The road wound up the hill, between thickets of pale-green birches and dark pines. Just as the boys began the climb a young girl who had been coming behind them overtook them.

"One of the natives," Lon had said, glancing back, and when she came up he merely looked her over, and noted that her shoes were too large for her, and that her calico dress looked made-over.

But Phil took off his hat and gave her a friendly smile. Lon regarded him with raised brows. Phil was always doing those things.

"Lovely morning," said he.

"Yes, 'tis. Are you going up the mountain?" said the girl.

"Yes," said Phil. The girl carried by a cord a heavy bundle, and he took it from her.

"Thank you; I've been to the store. You needn't take it; I'm strong," she said, smiling, and she was, indeed a picture of blooming health and strength. "Are you the two city boys?"

"Yes. I'm Phil Roberts, and this is Lon Webster." Lon lifted his hat half an inch.

"And I'm Josie Nash," said the girl. "You'll have a splendid time at the Gibsons'. They're jolly folks."

"They're splendid," said Phil. "Our people expect us to join them at the Kaaterskill hotel next month, but I shan't want to. I'd rather be on a farm any time; you can have more fun."

"That's so. Have you caught any trout yet?" said the girl. And they talked on pleasantly. Josie Nash told Phil where the best fishing was to be found, and where to go for white birch-bark; and Phil told her how he and Lon had tried to pitch hay, and to ride the clumsy old farm horses. They chatted with great good will and frequent laughter until the girl stopped at a gate, and a little white-headed boy ran out from the house to meet her.

She stood for a moment, however, looking curiously at the little black box slung over Phil's shoulder.

"It's a camera," he said. "Would you like to have your picture taken?"

"O, I'd like to have Danny's!" said the girl, eagerly, with a fond hand on her brother's little white head. "We haven't any good picture of Danny, and I've always wanted one."

But the sun had gone under. "I can take it better when it's sunny," Phil explained. "You'll be here when we come back, won't you? I'll take it then."

"Thank you," said Josie Nash, and she looked radiant. And Phil carried her bundle to the door for her, and made his best dancing school bow, and told her he hoped they should meet again.

IN THE WOODS.

Lon stalked on. "Why didn't you go in and make a call on your friend?" he inquired, derisively, when Phil caught up with him.

"I'd have liked to first-rate," Phil retorted.

"Did you see those bright streaks in her dress, where the tucks were let out?"

"No, I didn't!"

"You found her conversation so entrancing that you didn't notice anything else, I suppose," said Lon, with an aggravating laugh.

"Maybe I did. She's a real bright girl. She's as good as you or I. I wouldn't be such a prig as you are for anything in the world, Alonzo Webster!" said Phil. When Lon's notions exasperated him particularly, he called him by his full name.

But he did not want to spoil the day by a quarrel. His sunny good nature came back presently.

"Those woods look cool," he said. They had set out on a tour of discovery, with no particular object, and they plunged into the cool depths of the woods.

"Best place we've struck yet!" said Lon, when they had penetrated to where the trees were tall and old, and the light came through their thick leaves but scantily.

"Yeup! Wasn't that a thrush?" said Phil, pushing on in pursuit of the songster.

They chased not only birds, but squirrels and red lizzards, and as a last resort a little striped snake. Citv lured as they were, it was a novel delight to tread spongy moss and climb over fallen logs and crawl under low bushes. They nibbled at wintergreens and checkerberries; they dug with their knives at many roots with vague hope that they might be sassafras.

And finally, after a season, during which they had taken no thought of time, they flung themselves down for a rest.

"It's a regular jungle in here," said Lon. "Wonder where we are, anyhow?"

"Don't ask me! I know one thing, I'm fearfully hungry. Let's go back and get some dinner," said Phil. He looked at his watch, and whistled in astonishment. "Two o'clock!" he cried.

They could hardly believe it. They sprung up on the instant and made a start. "I'm famished," said Lon. "I'm actually faint. Don't believe I can stand it till we get there."

They tramped back in the direction from which they had come, as nearly as they knew it.

"Think we're going the right way?" said Phil.

"Guess so," Lon answered, and they strode on silently—for what seemed to them, finally, to have been an hour.

"Then, if we've come right, we ought to be out by this time," Phil said, "for we didn't make time like this, coming in; we fooled along, you know."

"We ought to be out, but we aren't," said Lon.

"We're going wrong. Let's try another tack," Phil suggested.

"Anything!" And veering from their course a little they pushed on.

Their feet sunk deep in the moist ground, the bending branches scratched their faces and they tripped on the roots and snags. They had no longer their freshness of the morning, and they lagged.

"Well?" said Lon.

"Well," Phil answered, "it's almos 4 o'clock."

They sat down and stared at each other. "I guess we're lost," Lon said.

"I don't guess, I know it," Phil answered. "I'm scared, Lon, and that's the truth. Here we are, so hungry that we're weak, and all worn out from tramping so long, and we can't find our way out of these woods. I'd like to know what's going to become of us?"

"We've got to get out!" Lon cried, springing up in a sort of desperate fury. "Suppose you go one way and I go another."

"And lose each other! No, it's bad enough, being lost together," said Phil.

They started again, wearily. They peered with anxious eyes for a glimpse of light beyond the thick-set trees, to tell them that they had reached a clearing. Not a glimmer came to them. The black trunks shut them in, and seemed to press them back. They turned one way and another, and with every minute their hope lessened.

"Look here!" said Phil. "Do you remember that great pine stump? You know we spoke about the shape of it."

Lon remembered it. It marked the very point at which they had first turned to leave the woods. They were just where they had started.

They dropped down then with a common impulse of consternation.

"We hadn't any business to come here. What did we know about these woods, anyhow?" said Phil.

"Perhaps the Gibsons will send somebody to look for us."

"No; for they don't know we're here. We didn't tell them where we were going; we didn't know ourselves."

"It's getting dark," said Lon.

"Yes. I guess we'll have to stay here all night."

"And what will we do in the morning? If we couldn't find our way out today we can't tomorrow."

THE LOST ARE FOUND.

"And—and—if we go without anything to eat very much longer"——

A FRIEND IN NEED.

They said no more. The shades were growing thicker; the evening was coming on. They heard the rustle of the leaves in the light wind and soft bird notes and the hooting of an owl far away. They sat with their arms around their knees and saw the ghostly shadows gathering, and in spite of themselves there grew in their hearts a real dismay, a real terror.

"What's that?" Phil cried, suddenly. "What's that?" his voice was sharp with excitement. They strained their ears. Yes! Someboly was hallooing. It was a clear, long note, sweet and shrill. "Sounds like a girl," Phil gasped, and then he put his hands to his lips and gave an earsplitting cateal.

The clear halloo came again. They waited for no more. They ran and stumbled and leaned toward the welcome call, shouting as they went. Their weariness was a bygone thing.

"I can see a lantern," Phil shouted, and in another minute its rays fell upon them, and the bearer of the lantern swung it over his head and called out to them heartily.

They had never seen the man before. But they had seen before the tall young girl who stood beside him.

It was the girl with whom they had walked up the hill in the morning; it was the girl with whom Phil had scraped friendly acquaintance, the girl whose bundle he had carried. It was Josie Nash.

Phil found no words. He went to Josie Nash and seized her hands and swung them back and forth and sawed them up and down. It was no proper way of greeting a young lady, but he did not know exactly what he was doing.

Josie Nash did not care. She was looking at the boys with all her eyes. "O father," she cried, "I'm so glad we came!"

"How did you happen to?" said Phil, gazing at her.

"Well," said Josie Nash, and she picked out a comfortable place and sat down. "I got to wondering why you didn't come back, that was all. You know, you promised to take Danny's picture when you came back, and I got him all fixed up—I combed his hair and put his best jacket on him—and I took my work, and he and I sat out in the yard and watched for you. We sat there the whole afternoon," said the girl, and she laughed.

"And when you didn't come and didn't come, I commenced to wonder. I knew you'd come back that road, for there wasn't any other road. And when it got along toward night and not a sign of you"——

"She come to me, out in the potato field," her father put in, "and says she: 'It's funny about those two boys.' And I says, 'What two boys?' And says she, 'Why, that boy that was going to take Danny's picture, and the other boy'—as if I'd ought to know all about you without any telling.

"And she says, 'They've got into the woods and lost themselves'—and she stuck to it. And says I, 'What are you going to do about it?' And what do you think? She said she was going to go and hunt you up, and I could go along if I wanted to, and if I didn't, why, Danny would go with her." He laughed a great laugh. "She fairly enjoys a jaunt of this kind, anyhow. She ain't afraid of anything; never was!"

"I knew these woods are the meanest woods in the mountains," said Josie—"the easiest to get twisted up in, if you don't know 'em. I knew Mark Jennings got lost here once, and he'd been in 'em before, too. Father knows 'em clear through, for he chopped here one summer; and I know 'em, too, for I used to bring my dinner and stay with him all day, sometimes.

"But I knew you didn't know 'em, and I was just as sure as I wanted to be that you'd got lost, and I knew father and I could find you if you had. That's how we happened to come," said Josie Nash.

LON'S SHAME.

Something in the boys' faces held her eyes, and made her falter over her last words, and flush. "Why 'twasn't anything at all!" she declared. "You don't suppose I was going to let you stay here in the woods all night, if I could help it? And then—besides—you're going to take Danny's picture, you know, and I guess I was glad of the chance to do a little something for you."

Lon stood and looked at her. She was the same girl he had seen that morning; she wore the same large shoes, the same calico dress with streaks where the tucks had been let down. But he saw neither the shoes nor the dress—he looked at her.

"I—I never saw a girl like you!" he blurted out. And nobody but Phil knew all that he felt.

That night after the boys had got to bed they talked it over. They had found the anxious Gibsons scouring the neighborhood for them. And they had eaten a supper whose enormous proportions had alarmed Mrs. Gibson for their safety.

"If you hadn't been going to take her little brother's picture, Phil," said Lon, stretching his tired legs under the patchwork counterpane, "she wouldn't have been watching for us, nor thinking about us."

"And if she hadn't thought of us," said Phil, "we'd have been there yet."

"And—we might never have got out," said Lon. They shivered.

"I called her your friend—and I made fun of her. Gracious!" said Lon. "Wish she was my friend!"

"I shall go up the first thing in the morning and take that picture," Phil said.

"I'm going with you," said Lon, "and I've thought of something. Let's take two or three, and two or three of her, too, and send them to the city and have them all printed on one card—you've seen them—and a dandy frame put on it. What do you say?"

"I say yes!" said Phil.

He had fallen asleep, when Lon nudged him.

"Don't let's go over to the Kaaterskill," said he. "If all the girls in this place are the sort Josie Nash is, we can have a better time right here. Don't you say so?"

And he took it meekly when Phil answered: "Yes, I say so, Alonzo"—and laughed, sleepily, but meaningly.

Shrewd Napoleon.

It is asserted by the Industrielle Echa, a reputable German paper, that thousands of 5-franc pieces are split into two halves by their French owners every year, in the hopes of "discovering" an immense hidden treasure. This treasure, according to the legend firmly believed in France, is an order to pay the holder 100,000 francs in silver 5-franc coins. When Napoleon Bonaparte first set the 5-franc pieces in circulation the conservative mind of the French revolted against the numismatic revolution, notwithstanding its zeal for political revolution, and it was very difficult to induce a Frenchman to receive or proffer the new coin.

Hence, according to the story, Napoleon gave it to be understood that he had ordered a check for 100,000 francs, written upon asbestos paper, to be concealed in one of the new silver pieces. From that day to this nobody has objected to the 5-franc piece.

Too Much Risk.

Cleveland Leader: "Mr. Brooker," said Horatio Fenderson, the banker, "I would like to get you to go on my bond for the ensuing year. We've been friends from boyhood, and, of course, you know me well enough to readily see that it will be a mere formality."

"I am very sorry, but I must decline."

"What! You mean to insinuate that you would not trust me?"

"I insinuate nothing, but I saw your typewriter the other day. Say, old man, she's a beauty! Good day. If she should leave you come around again."

Had Learned a Lesson.

Chicago Times-Herald: She was trying to do a little missionary work in the county jail.

"My poor fellow," she said impressively, "it is just as great a sin to steal a pin as it is to steal a dollar."

"I know it—now," he replied, "and you can just bet I'll remember it, too, when I get out of this job."

"I hope so—I sincerely hope so," she added fervently.

"Yep," he continued, "you'll never catch me again tryin' to pinch anything that ain't worth goin' after."

WINNING THEIR SPURS.

A BOY NAVAL CAPTAIN AND A BOY TROOPER.

One Gained a Colonel's Epaulettes by Bold Exploits at Sea — The Other Led Desperate Sabre Charges and Sheathed His Sword as Major General C. S. A.

BY GEORGE LANGDON KILMER.

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The naval boy hero of the eastern waters was Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, destroyer of the Albemarle. Cushing's earlier exploits brought him little in the way of promotions and titles. His reward was opportunity—the chance of a lifetime to gain immortal distinction.

The west also had a gallant young sailor, who won honors and decorations before he was out of his teens. I refer to Charles Rivers Ellet, son of the commander of the federal steam ram fleet of the Mississippi. At the desperate naval battle of Memphis, June 6, 1862, young Ellet, then a boy of 19 years of age, served on the staff as a medical cadet. In the heat of the battle he learned that his father had been

He Told Him to Row Quickly to the Memphis Wharves.

seriously wounded and hurried to his side, but the old hero was in no mood for tender scenes. Handing the boy a flag he told him to row quickly to the Memphis wharves and nail the stars and stripes to the tallest spire in the city, then held by the Confederates. The order was carried out in the face of savage threats from the mobs in the streets, who hustled and jeered the brave fellow, and finally pelted him with stones. This was the first deed of real war performed by the youthful novice, but it was not to be the last, neither his greatest.

The steam ram fleet was an independent force not attached to the navy. The ships did not carry heavy guns, but were swift sailers with sharp prows intended to create havoc by dashing into the enemy. They were manned by a few seamen and a force of soldiers armed with rifles. The titles of the officers corresponded to those in the army, as captain, lieutenant colonel and colonel. In recognition of his gallantry at Memphis, Charles Rivers was promoted to the command of the ram Lancaster. Soon afterward he was given a small fleet. Choosing the Queen for his flagship he joined the naval squadron at Vicksburg. Grant was then operating against that stronghold, and found that the enemy was drawing supplies from the rich country along the Red river, which empties into the Mississippi below Vicksburg. He selected Ellet to run the Vicksburg batteries from above, get into the Red river and establish a blockade. It was a most desperate undertaking, but Ellet got through on the morning of February 3, 1863, with his flagship, the Queen. In passing the Vicksburg levee he rammed a large Confederate steamer, and even stopped to toss lighted cotton bales aboard of her. The bulwarks of his own vessel consisted of cotton bales. These were red by the enemy's shells, and had to be thrown overboard.

SILVER EAGLES.

After many stirring adventures the Queen reached Red river and destroyed everything afloat and along the shore. Unluckily, a pilot, who was either treacherous or ignorant, ran her aground under the guns of a Confederate fort. The enemy opened fire on the ship, which was a wooden one—making every shot tell. Finally a shell cut the steam pipe close to the boiler, letting out a cloud of scalding vapor. The scene was terrible for a moment, and there was no help for it but to throw over the cotton bales, put the wounded upon them and trust to fate on the waves. Ellet was the last to leave. He escaped on a cotton bale and meeting the only prize he had spared on his cruise—the New Era, captured the day before—he continued up the river until he picked up all of his unfortunate crew. Turning again, he made his way to the army landing which Grant had established below Vicksburg.

For this deed the boy was decorated with the silver eagle of a colonel. He took the new steam ram Switzerland for his flagship, and in her ran past the Vicksburg guns in broad daylight. The Switzerland was hit many times by fire from the Vicksburg batteries, and a solid shot penetrated the boiler, but she got through and reached Farragut's rendezvous down the river. Farragut saw in the brave boy colonel a sailor after his own heart, and he sent him back up the river to bring down all his fleet of rams. Another young Ellet, cousin of Charles Rivers, was placed on the deck of the Switzerland and took her on a second raid up Red river. Charles Rivers returned to his fleet above Vicksburg, but the exposure and hardships of his daring and adventurous life had undermined his frail system, and he was compelled to leave the field to gain strength for another campaign. A few weeks after the fall of Vicksburg, for which he had battled so bravely, this gallant young commander died. His example was not lost, however, and the Ellet rams, under different commanders, kept their flags on high until the Mississippi region ceased to be a battle ground.

A BOY SOLDIER.

Among the cadets at West Point in the class of 1861 was a Georgia boy named Pierce Manning Butler Young. He was to have graduated in June, but the startling news from Fort Sumter in April aroused his southern blood, and he resigned his cadetship to draw a sword in defense of state rights. He was only 20 years old. Trained officers were needed to organize and drill the raw volunteers, and the bright cadet was appointed adjutant of the Georgia legion, a famous independent corps of infantry and cavalry. In the early battles of the Legion around Richmond the boy soldier won promotion through all the grades from second lieutenant to major, and the star used as insignia for the latter rank decorated his collar soon after he passed his 21st birthday. The youthful major took his place at the head of the mounted detachment of the Legion, a ful cavalry battalion of four companies. At that period of the war cavalry operations were restricted to advance and rear guard and outpost ervice. But the chance came at last for the boy commander to lead a saber charge. He was ordered, with his battalion alone, to head off two federal regiments which were marching to seize one of the mountain gaps in Maryland as a pass for McClellan's army. Swinging his sword above his head, the gallant Georgian rode straight into the federal mass and sabered right and left. He fought until shot from his saddle by a federal carbineer, but his troopers won the day and held the road to the pass.

General Wade Hampton witnessed the charge of the Georgians at South mountain. When Major Young returned to the field he wore as a new decoration the twin stars of a colonel. The infantry of the legion was mounted, and added to Young's battalion, creating a full regiment in Hampton's brigade of "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry corps. Then 500 keen sabers flashed in the air whenever the boy colonel drew his blade.

In the crisis of the desperate battle of Fleetwood, the first great horseback fight of the war, General Stuart called upon the Georgia legion to save the day. "Bring him up like lightning!" shouted the fiery Stuart to the aide dispatched for Colonel Young. The legion was moving at a trot when the aide delivered his message. The gallant leader turned in his saddle, whirled his saber as a signal to gallop, then plunged into the halted and compact ranks of federals. Colonel John Esten Cooke, the southern historian, was the aide who carried Stuart's order to the legion. He witnessed the charge, and described it as an unmixed fight with sword blades. Neither carbine nor pistol was used, and the whole affair did not continue over five minutes. In that brief time the battle of Fleetwood and the fate of Stuart's corps was decided.

For that five minutes' work a third star and a bullion wreath were added to Colonel Young's decorations. It was the third year of the war, and the cadet of 1861 had reached the full rank of brigadier general.

Young's brigade, led by the old flag of the legion, became famous in the later combats between the squadrons of Stuart and Sheridan. When the brave Georgian sheathed his sword in 1865 it bore the inscription, "Major General, C. S. A."